

THE CAROLIN WATCHMAN.

J. J. BRUNER,
Editor & Proprietor.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
RULES."



"DO THIS, AND LIBERTY IS SAFE."
Gen'l Harrison.

NEW SERIES.
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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,
July 13th, 1850.

Messrs. Bruner & James:

If my last letter was so for-
tunate as to reach you, you will have followed
me in my progress towards the land of gold, as
far as Cruces. I slept there on the night of
the 26th of May, upon one of about thirty
cots arranged around the rooms like stalls, in
tiers three deep, with a space of one foot be-
tween. The temperature was precisely right
and without blanket or other cover, but with a
good cane covered roof between me and the
drows of heaven, let alone the two sleepers who
occupied successively, the shelves above me. I
slept soundly and had a sweet dream of
home!

I was up betimes next morning, (Sunday)
and having appropriated the balance of my two
dollars worth of accommodation, in the shape
of sundry slices of fried ham, of questionable
soundness, and some really good boiled rice,
washed down with some tolerable coffee, with-
out "leche" (milk.) I commenced my negotia-
tions for the transportation of my traps to Pa-
nama. There were something over a hundred
of my fellow travellers who were about to vio-
late the Sabbath in a similar way, and of course
males were "in demand." I had just 175
pounds of baggage, to wit, that big trunk of
mine filled with law books, an India rubber
bag of clothing, and a carpet bag filled with
sundries, including some "select stores."—
There was a plenty of mules and a plenty of
drivers, but the latter seemed shy, in a most
especial manner, my "big trunk;" at length, I
brought it upon "aid prayer," a sort of nonde-
script European who seemed to talk all lan-
guages with the same facility, and with about
the same degree of purity, who was acting as
interpreter between the *hombres* and the Ameri-
cans. I at first thought him an exceedingly
benevolent fellow, as he made no charge for
his services; but I presently discovered that he
had a trick of appropriating to himself the dif-
ference between the *ten* good dimes which he
insisted upon receiving, to the dollar, and the
eight which he actually paid over to the *hombres*,
who were to perform the service. At
length, the negotiations, so far as I was con-
cerned, were closed at the following prices:—
\$16 for the big trunk to be carried by a pack
mule, and \$5 for the two bags to be *toted* by
a couple of *hombres*. Finding, by means of
the trifling amount of Spanish which I had
learned, that my men were not particular about
the payment being in advance, I got off, for the
present with a payment of \$250, the balance
to be paid at Panama. You see I had an eye
to the saving of the two dimes, and I may add
that the thing was accomplished without diffi-
culty, at Panama. It will occur to you that I
have made no mention of the price of my own
passage. The truth is that while almost all of
my fellow travellers took mules to ride at \$16
each, I made up my mind to walk; and so after
seeing my baggage safely on the way, I leisurely
slung my provisions at my side, (a box of
sardines and half dozen sea biscuit,) put my
Colt's revolver in my pocket, and started on
alone. It was now something past nine o'clock,
and the weather, to say the least, tolerably
warm; however, I had an umbrella, and, as
I was in no sort of hurry, I resolved to "take
it coolly." I found the path by no means so
difficult as I had supposed. It seems to have
been paved, at some remote period of time, the
whole way from Cruces to Panama. The
rains and the travel, have, however, broken it
up, much of the way, and when this is the case
it is of course very rough and irregular. The
path is in places cut down ten or twelve feet
below the general surface, and is frequently too
narrow for mules to pass each other. Add to
this that the rank and luxuriant vegetation meet-
ing together at the top, forms a dense roof over
head, thus making a pretty close tunnel for
equestrian, assine or pedestrian exercise!—
Your friend, however, found the road by no
means monotonous or disagreeable. Some-
times he would emerge, like a mole from his
underground passage, and get a very pleasant
view of the scenery around. There was no
lack of streams and springs of good water, and
here and there a native's hut by the wayside,
with possibly a fair negro swinging lazily in
a hammock, presented an opportunity to halt
and rest. I overtook my two parties, a short
distance from Cruces, and found, much to my
regret, that they had joined teams with a
couple of fellows who were carrying a piece
of cast iron machinery, that must have weigh-
ed three hundred pounds. The two couples
were relieving each other at intervals, and at
the rate they were going I saw it must take
them at least two days to reach Panama. I re-
monstrated with my men, and offered them
cinquos pesos (five dollars) if they would part
company with their more heavily laden com-
panions. But it was of no use, and after wait-
ing an hour in useless entreaty, I passed on
and left my bags to their fate.

Before five o'clock, I had completed half my
journey—I had taken it extremely leisurely,
but still as I may suppose, was something
"swifty." I began to think of a change of
linen, with reference to a comfortable night's
rest, and as there was a possibility that my two
men might come up in the course of the even-
ing, and as it was a very good camping ground
with a spring of water and two or three huts
hard by, I concluded to call a halt for the night.
My example was followed by others as they
successively came up; and as it occurred to
me that with the rather limited sleeping ac-
commodations to be found in the huts, there
would soon be a demand for the "best beds," I
took the precaution to engage a hammock, the
only one the place afforded, at the price of six
reals. This done, I made a very nice division
of provender, and devoured the one moiety
thereof for my supper, with a more than usual
keen relish, gratifying, however, the curi-
osity of mine host's family in relation to my
sardines, by presenting them, severally, with
rather small portions of that savory edible.
The evening wore away, and my two men
still failed to make their appearance, I stretch-
ed myself in my hammock to try it. What a
charming bed! and I was getting sleepy; but
it wouldn't do to go to sleep so, for my clothes
were as wet as if I had just swam the Yackin,
and I should get sick and take the fever! But
still it was so vastly tempting, I must take a
little snooze, and so—I fell asleep, and when
I awoke it was broad day light of a Monday
morning!

I took a sleep from my lofty throne, and dis-
covered that the floor of the hut was strewn
round with dry hides, which my fellow travel-
lers had appropriated at the rate of two reals
each; mine host was beginning to pound the
rice for the maternal meal, while madame
and the *senoritas* were gathering the means
and appliances for preparing a kettle of coffee,
which she soon after began to serve out to her
customers at the rate of a picayune for the
gourful. With the aid of this luxury, my re-
maining stock of provisions furnished me a very
good breakfast, the whole being rounded off
with a "native seegar" purchased upon the pre-
mises at the rate of a real a dozen. At seven,
I was again under way, carrying somewhat
lighter weights than before. In about an hour
I came up with the mule carrying my big trunk,
the *hombre* in attendance having stopped to
take a drink. I simply gave the latter a nod
of recognition and passed on, satisfied that all
would be right. The road began now to im-
prove. The houses became more numerous,
passengers more frequent. Baskets of fruit
were displayed for sale, bananas, limes, or-
anges, the latter of the very finest description
and dog cheap. I passed the bridge, two miles
from town, where I found several Americans,
waiting upon the look-out for friends, and about
half a mile on, called a halt at some fine springs,
where I saw great numbers of the natives
washing. It appeared that this was the prin-
cipal source for the supply of water for the city,
the transportation being effected by mules car-
rying four jars each, lashed to a pack saddle.
I soon took the road again, being curious to see
the city. Indications of the presence and char-
acteristics of my own countrymen now be-
came sufficiently apparent. Upon rude shanties,
thickly scattered along the road side,
coarsely painted signs were displayed, as if to
invite the weary traveller to repose. The "Ir-
ving House," the "Astor," the "Fremont,"
the "Lovejoy's," &c., severally presented their
claims to consideration, I contented myself with
a single glass of "root beer," which an enter-
prising youth was dealing out from a two by
four-foot stall.

At a little past ten, I was marching up to
the gates of the city—for Panama is a walled town—
and looking out for quarters. The hotels along
the principal street were sufficiently numerous,
but among them all, I am free to confess it,
I had no hesitation in making choice of the
"New England House," its name was so very
pleasantly suggestive of "codfish" and "baked
beans!"

I engaged board at fifteen dimes (\$1 50)
per day, and secured the use of a little cage of
a room, close under the roof of the house for
myself and one other, preferring this totalling my
chance among the general herd, who were forced
to strew themselves at night along the floors
and tables. The hotel was crowded to over-
flowing with all sorts of people, talking all sorts
of languages, and the "noise and confusion"
kept the old grey headed landlord in a state of
continual and very unpleasant excitement. I
now began to have doubts about the genui-
ness of his puritanism, for I discovered that he
cursed and blasphemed with a most unusual
degree of bitterness and volubility. To my
inquiries upon this head, he informed me that
he had bought out the establishment from a
Yankee who had recently quitted it for Califor-
nia, but that for himself he was from the East-
ern part of North Carolina! This announce-
ment didn't "set me back" any, as you may
suppose. The landlord and I, after that, got
into a way of having a little spread of ham and
eggs "to ourselves."

There must have been three thousand Ameri-
cans in and about the city, waiting for a pas-
sage to California. Some had been there sev-
eral weeks, others for months. Tickets were
selling as high as \$800. Some were turning
an honest penny and bettering their pecuniary
condition—others wasting their small pittance
day by day. Gambling was rife. Monte ta-
bles to be seen at every corner. Drinking too,
was quite fashionable.

The buildings at Panama are all old, and
many of them a good deal gone to decay. The
churches, however, still retain traces of their
former magnificence. The towers of some of
them are ornamented with rows of pearl shells.
The altars, candlesticks, &c., are in some in-
stances of massive silver. Our American boys
however, treat these sacred things with a sad
want of reverence, sometimes lighting their sea-
gars at the candles burning before the altars,
and sometimes watering their mules at the holy
fountains! The streets are generally paved,
inclining to the centre, which forms a gutter.—
The houses have but few windows, and these
are without glass, being closed with shutters.
The city might be kept clean at a very small
expense, but is really in a very filthy condition.
It will however be Americanized in a short
time.

I remained in the city just two days—my
men came up with my baggage in due time, ev-
ery thing safe. I think the natives from Char-
goe to Panama the most honest people I have
ever met with. I was continually passing mule
loads of gold and silver, on my walk to Pana-
ma, without any thing like a sufficient guard in
any instance.

I find I shall not have space to enter much
into the detail of my trip from Panama to San
Francisco. We stopped but once, touching at
Acapulco, just one week from Panama, for fuel,
water and fruits. The harbor here is one of
the prettiest I ever saw. You run in for about
half a mile through a passage of the same
width, turn short to your left and find yourself
in a circular basin, three-fourths of a mile in
diameter, completely landlocked by high moun-
tains, with the town just before you rising from
the shore to the top of the mountains. All
kinds of tropical fruits are here cheap and
abundant. I think that much of the travel from
the States to California will hereafter be by
way of Vera Cruz, Mexico, and this place.—
Having remained at Acapulco two days, we were
off again for California. We had suffered
somewhat from heat hitherto, but within two
days, we began to feel the cold winds from the
Northwest, and strange to say when we were
precisely under the sun, overcoats were need-
ed. We made land only once, near Cape St.
Lucas, until we reached the vicinity of this
place, the practice usually being to keep near
the shore most of the way. For the last day

or two we run along within six or eight miles
of the coast, a continuous range of lofty and
precipitous mountains skirts the shore. These
are for the most part barren of trees; and in-
deed, so far as I could see of all vegetation,
whatsoever. I learned however, from those
who ought to know, that what appeared to be
but yellow sand, was really wild oats just ripe!

Thursday morning, June 20th, the bustle in
the cabin started me rather earlier than usual,
and upon going on deck, I found that I were in
sight of the golden gate, a mere gap in the
mountains, say, a mile wide. We entered it
near due east three or four miles, turned short
around a promontory on our right five or six
hundred feet high, and—what a sight! You
have seen the shipping at New York, you have
some idea of it; a forest of masts with flags
of all nations flying at their peaks! I got my-
self and baggage landed for two dollars, and
the latter carried three squares to where I put
up for two more, besides paying forty cents for
wharfage. I have now been here three weeks
and three days, and have so far got over the
confusion incidental to my first impressions as
to be able to give you some facts. Everything
in the shape of merchandise can be had here
in the greatest abundance. Things which are
in demand being three or four times the prices
in the States; things which are not in demand
are auctioned off for almost nothing. Thick
worn clothing is requisite the year round—I
speak of this city; you the country it is frequen-
ly hot at mid day. The climate of this place
is to me a mystery. The greatest range of the
thermometer has been from 50° to 70° since I
have been here—I believe it has not touched
either point. It is safe betting even that at 6
A. M., it will be within one degree of 60; at
12 M., within one degree of 68; at 5 P. M.,
within one degree of 60 again, and at 9 P. M.,
in the same distance of 54°. The consequence
is that there is no absolute necessity of fires
except to cook by, and in fact not one room in
twenty has a fire place. Why then the neces-
sity for so much clothing? I sleep under more
covering than I needed in the winter season in
North Carolina, and I never think of going
out after five P. M., without an overcoat. The
truth is the wind begins to rise by ten or twelve.
It blows from the north-west, and while it don't
effect the thermometer much, it certainly tells
upon the human frame. It is said, however,
that there is no difference between summer
and winter, except that one is wet and other
dry—and so dry! Just fancy the streets of
Salisbury covered four to six inches deep
with ashes—suppose the wind blowing some-
where between a stiff breeze and a gale.—
How far do you think you could see? What
would be the condition of your eyes? What
of your clothes? Add in this connection the
supposition that washing was five dollars a
dozen; what would you think of it? Such is
San Francisco! As I have alluded to prices,
I will dilate a little. Board ranges from seven
dollars a day down to four, including lodgings.
Single meals at a restaurant from one to two
dollars. Rent is the dearest thing in propor-
tion. I pay \$75 a month for my office, a small
room 16 feet by 9, on a second floor. A cot,
mattress, pillow and blankets, exclusive of the
bed linen cost me \$50, other things in propor-
tion. It would take a big pile to live here long
at that rate. However, I am beginning to do
something for myself: I have taken in \$130 for
fees in the past week, and have two big cases
on hand which will "net" me something hand-
some, I trust. There is another thing, it is all
hard money in this democratic country, and I
take it that counterfeit "fellers" would go about
as well as any—for so far as I see there is now
"sly inspection" of any coin. Every body
counts it, gold as well as silver, just as a gam-
bler does his checks, by first counting one pile
then making the others of the same height!—
Speaking of gambling, you may see more here
in one hour than you could possibly see in a
lifetime in the United States. It perfectly ap-
pals me—I used to indulge occasionally in a
small way, and among select boys, but I have
never risked a dollar upon a game in Califor-
nia. I am retained by a defendant who bet
upon a credit till he lost \$4000, and is now
sued for the recovery of that sum. There is
no statute upon the subject, and how the Judges
will hold the common law of the State to be I
cannot tell. Some of these functionaries have
bled recently, as I understand, to the extent
of their year's salaries themselves! One of them
the other night "run agin" four nines, while
he held only "a ace full"! So I was told!

On the whole, this is a great country, and
things is lively. There are lots of Doctors with
nothing to do for one thing is certain, the city
is healthy. Nothing in the shape of sickness pre-
vails except dysentery, which is owing to the
too free use of the water. The latter contains
magnesia and requires to be slightly dashed.
Of preachers there is but a limited number,
but as there is no demand the market is dull.
Of lawyers I don't know the precise number,
I should set it down at a rough estimate at two
hundred, and doubtless there are more "a
comin'." But there is "lots" of law business.
No article is manufactured which can be
brought from elsewhere. Printers, carpenters,
painters, masons, and common laborers, are al-
ways in demand. One building in fifty is a
dwelling house, the balance are stores, restau-
rants, gambling houses, offices and hotels, rank-
ing by numbers in the order named. I sup-
pose there are more restaurants here than in
any other city in the United States not exclu-
ding New York. The city authorities are
about to direct the grading and planking of
eight or ten of the principal streets, and the
construction of several large wharves. The
city hall containing various court rooms and
rooms for the city officers is about 100 by 50
feet in size and four stories high. The county
has purchased a lot on which to erect a court
house at a cost of \$120,000. The city is laid
off into squares with sides of 100 yards and
150 yards, the vara being two feet nine inches
in length. On one side of the Portsmouth
square, the old Plaza, there are four buildings,
occupying the whole space of 276 feet, three
of them are exclusively devoted to gambling,
containing but a single room each, running
back, say, a hundred feet. I say exclusively,
there is however, a bar to each, forty or fifty

feet long, and one of the rooms has four bill-
iard tables. These rooms are usually well
filled during the day and crowded at night.—
There are sixteen large chandeliers to a room,
and the walls are hung round with paintings of
most costly, but not of the most delicate de-
scription. The fourth building is of brick, just
completed, four stories high above the base-
ment, and fire proof. I do not know to what
use it is to be appropriated. The city has be-
fore it a career such as the world has never
seen. Wealth, luxury, magnificence, power,
a people distinguished by intelligence, activity
and great abilities, these will be hers; but the
pure morals, the domestic virtues—the domestic
happiness enjoyed by the people of poorer
States, will, alas! be wanting.

You will certainly write to me, and give me
a detail of all that has occurred since I left the
place. God knows the old town is dear to me,
and I shall return to it one day as to a home.
Yours truly,
J. C.

"And the Lord said unto Satan, From
whence comest thou? And Satan answered
the Lord, and said, From going to and fro in
the earth, and from walking up and down in it."
Job, 2d chap., 2d vr.

That man who goes wandering about over
mountains, hills and plains, not seeking whom
he may "devour," but whom he may inter-
gare concerning peas and beans and the like,
cannot be treated with much injustice, we are
inclined to think, if compared to the enemy of
the human race. After mature reflection, and
examination of the highest authorities, we give
it as our legal opinion that such an individual
might be successfully prosecuted as an officious
meddler in private affairs. We say the man
who unblushingly walks into a parlor and pre-
sumes to ask ladies, old and young, their names
and more especially their *ages*, richly deserves
the frowns of the whole sex; and perhaps he
would not be maltreated, however hard he might
deem his peculiar case, if all the dogs, hounds
and curs, were turned loose upon him. Just
think of the fellow's impudence, will you?—
Why, he just walks in—he does affect to "bow
and scrape a little," but all for mere show—
and scarcely takes time to seat himself before
he commences his silly nonsense. A toleration
of such conduct is altogether intolerable,
and a lady would do herself credit in our estima-
tion by throwing hot water on such scamps as
practice it.

A young man sat out a month ago on a mis-
sion somewhat like that above sketched. His
food was various, and not seldom precarious.
His hat was panama; his coat variable, for it
changed with the signs of the times, chamelon
like; his vest decidedly modest, and by no
means costly; and other things adapted to the
foregoing. He knew that Shakespeare says,
"Cautly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that."
but deemed it good advice only for meet occa-
sions under fit circumstances. He had a com-
mission under the government of the United
States, travelled on horseback, carried a por-
tfolio conveniently suspended in an oil-cloth cov-
ering, and was authorized officially, to proceed
in due manner and form to take what the old
women call the "Senses" of the people, and
to be especially particular in ascertaining the
exact ages of all unmarried ladies and con-
firmed bachelors. He resolved in the outset not
quietly to allow the motives of the government
which he served to be assailed, wisely concluding
that one's real follies are enough to be borne. He
was strictly adhered to this determination, and
has struggled hard in many instances against
the potent arguments of incensed old ladies.—
Incensed because they have a holy horror of
taxes, and look upon "taking the Senses" as
the first step to taxation; and, above all, of-
fended in dignity at the mere presence of an
official.

After the official had propounded all his ques-
tions on one occasion, and they had been promp-
tly answered, the good old lady ruled forth as
follows:
"Now, stranger, I want you to tell me what
all this is for? Some tells me it is for direct
taxes, and I can't see any other use in all of it.
It can't be for no good, and there's no sort of
use in it. I'm opposed to all such proceedings,
so I am!"
Here the young man explained, and became
almost eloquent in attempting to sustain the
government. The good lady's wrath became
somewhat appeased, but not wholly suppressed.
"Well," she resumed, "wont the Plank
road raise the taxes?"
The official frankly acknowledged that such
a thing might be among public contingencies,
but hinted that it was a matter foreign to his
business.

"Yes," said she, excited beyond measure "I
knew it would be so. I am imposed to Plank
roads, any how, and believe it a great sin to
travel on them! The Almighty made the coun-
try good enough, and it's a sin to build such
great fine roads for your fine gentlemen. You
think the ground's too good for you to walk on
and want us poor people taxed to fine planks
laid down for you. Now, I tell you, stranger,
we'll submit to no such unpositions. The Al-
mighty will visit you "Senses" as he did Da-
vid, and cut you all off, thank Heaven! Yes
he will, and you deserve it as richly as any set
of fellers ever did! You ought to be unshamed
of yourselfs tryin to impress on us poor folks in
that sort, so yer ought!"

The census man here endeavored to explain,
but all to no purpose. He soon gave up in
despair, and was compelled to decamp listening
to the distant echoes of the enraged ladies
voice. When away from the confusion and
fright of this scene, he could not but repeat
to himself those beautiful lines of Moore,
"How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone;
Then warring minds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquility."
Ashboro' Herald.

THE ROMANCE OF SEA BATHING.—
A SCENE ON THE BANKS.
A correspondent of the Springfield Republi-
can is responsible for the following story. It
is a remarkable instance of disappointed love,
and affections which were not buried:
During my passage down the bay I had
caught several glances of a familiar face. I
knew I had seen it before, but where? The
lady as evidently had been subject to a jog of
memory. The exchange of a few glances sat-
isfied us both, and we only wanted a proper
opportunity, or disposition to speak. Ten long
years before we had parted in a huff, and con-
sidering myself at the time the aggrieved party,
I was not particularly anxious to renew the
acquaintance—the jilt! As soon as the boat
touched the pier, I was on it, and off for a bath.
The lady for the time was forgotten, and issu-
ing from the house in my rough bathing dress,
I plunged into the breakers. I had been fro-
licking some time, laying my hand on the ocean
mane, and the ocean laying his hand on mine,
when I saw two or three other bathers edging
up towards me in between the swells. There
was a lady, evidently, in advance. Her com-
pany apparently forgot her at last, and still she
approached me. I went further out. She fol-
lowed, and I found she was determined to speak
to me. I knew who she was of course. A huge
wave came in, and knocked the woman down,
but sticking her hand out of the water, she
gave one scream, and that brought me. I was
on the spot as soon as I could get there, and
grasping her arm raised her to her feet.
"Oh!" said the lady, "what—what—what a
meet—meeting, after such a parting!"
"Well—yes," said I bluntly.

She now undertook to look the grateful and
the interesting, when a huge wave struck her
as she looked up to me with parted lips, and
crammed her dear mouth with salt water. She
dropped again, and again I pulled her out, and
she was either very weak, or she thought I was
certainly very strong.
"Mary," said I, "have you been happy since
we parted?"
She answered me with a sigh, and then look-
ing up to me put the same question.
"Say I," "ho hum—ho hum—ho hum—Mary,
don't talk about it."
"I have learned some things since then,"
said she.
"Yes," says I, "I believe you have; you
married a learned man, I think."
"He married!"
"What did you jilt a very good looking man
for ten years ago, but to marry a certain learned
man?" asked I fiercely.
"I beg you will not allude to the foolishness
of a school girl," replied the lady, and then
changing the subject, she wanted to know how
she should have felt, if in saving her from a
watery grave, I had drowned myself. I told
her it would probably have made less difference
with her and me, than with my wife and child!
She gave me but one look, and rose to her feet
and put.
"I saw her but a moment.
But methinks I see her now."

as she walked off with her bathing dress stick-
ing to her, and her little bare feet fairly indent-
ing the sand with the spitefulness of her step.

REASONS FOR NOT DRINKING.
I will not drink because I can do just as well
without it.
I will not drink because I can do much bet-
ter without it.
I will not drink because I wish to be always
in my senses, and a man who drinks is in im-
minent danger of losing his senses.
I will not drink because I do not wish even to
become subject to such an appetite.
I will not drink for fear I should sometimes
drink too much, and lose my self respect.
I will not drink lest my wife should despise
me; or my children be ashamed of me.
I will not drink lest my acquaintance should
smell my breath and say he loves liquor too
much.
I will not drink in hot weather, because I
can better keep cool without; nor in cold
weather, because I can better keep cool with-
out it.
I will not drink because that is the best and
only security for living a sober man, and I will
not run any risk of leaving to my children the
inheritance of a drunkard's name.
I will not drink liquor because no one can
show me any good reason for drinking.
I will not drink liquor because it increases
thirst; water assuages it.
I will not drink liquor because it tends to pro-
duce disease, because it makes men forgetful
of God, disqualifies them for his service, and
renders them unfit for the kingdom of Heaven.
We have known drunken Judges; they lost
the confidence of the public, the esteem of their
friends, and their own respect, office, charac-
ter and fortune were lost.
We have known drunken lawyers; sooner
or later their practice forsook them, and they
were ruined.
We have known drunken physicians; their
patients' distressed them, and after a while they
had no patients.
We have known drunken preachers;—they
were left without churches, they forfeited all
claim to earthly respectability, and had no title
to a better world than this.
All have heard of accidents occurring by the
carelessness or drunkenness of stage drivers,
engineers and pilots. No man willingly trusts
himself to their keeping.
Drunken blacksmiths, shoemakers, tailors,
&c., &c., all share the fate of the drunken
judge and physician. They lose their busi-
ness and character.
In a word, we have never known a drunkard
who was considered a respectable man.
How came this judge, lawyer, physician,
preacher, stage-driver—how came any man to
be a drunkard?
By drinking liquor; and by drinking at first
soberly and moderately.
Will you certainly avoid the drunkard's fate?
Drink no intoxicating liquor—drink NOT AT
ALL.
Drive thy business or it will drive thee.

"Somewhere about here," writes a
Southern correspondent, "lives a small
farmer, of such social habits, that his com-
ing home intoxicated was once no unusu-
al thing. His wife urged him in vain to
sign the pledge. 'Why, you see,' he
would say, 'I'll sign it after a while, but I
don't like to break off right at once; it
aint wholesome. The best way always
is to get used to a thing by degrees you
know.' 'Very well old man,' his help-
mate would rejoin, 'see now, if you don't
fall into a hole one of these days, while
you can't take care of yourself, and no-
body near to take you out.' Sure enough
as if to verify the prophecy, a couple of
days after, he did fall in; and after a deal
of useless scrambling, shouted for the light
of his eyes; to come and help him out."
"Didn't I tell you so?" said the good
soul, showing her cap full over the edge
of the parapet: 'you've got into a hole at
last; and its only lucky I'm in hearing, or
you might have drowned, you old dog you!'
"Well" she continued, after a pause, let-
ting down the bucket, 'take hold.' And
up he came, higher and higher, at each
turn of the windlass, until the old lady's
grasp slipping from the handle, down he
went to the bottom again. This occur-
ing more than once, made the temporary
occupant of the well suspicious. 'Look
here,' he screamed, in a fury, at the last
splash you're doing that on purpose—I
know you are!' 'Well now I am,' respon-
ded his old woman tranquilly, while wind-
ing him up once more. 'Don't you re-
member telling me it's best to get used to
things by degrees? I'm 'fraid if I was to
bring you right up on a sudden, you would
not find it wholesome!' The old fellow
could not help chuckling at the applica-
tion of the principle, and protested he
would sign the pledge on the instant, if
she would lift him fairly out. This she
did, and packed him off to 'swear in,' wet
as he was. 'For you see' she added very
emphatically, 'if you ever fall into the
well again, I'll leave you thar—so I will!'
Knickerbocker.

The Hastings Milkman.—Jinks, the
Hastings Milkman, one morning forgot to
water his milk. In the hall of the first
customer in his round, the sad omission
flashed upon Jinks' wounded feelings.—
A large tub of fine clear water stood on
the floor by his side, no eye was upon him
and thrice did Jinks dilute his milk with
a large measure filled from the tub, be-
fore the maid brought up her jugs. Jinks
served her, and went on. While he was
below down the next area, his first
customer's footman beckoned to him from
the door. Jinks returned, and was im-
mediately ushered into the library. There
sat my lord, who had just tasted the milk.
"Jinks!" said his lordship.
"My lord!" replied Jinks.
"Jinks," continued his lordship "I
should feel particularly obliged if you
would henceforth bring me the milk and
water separately, and allow me the favor
of mixing them myself!"
"Well my lord, it's useless to deny the
thing, for I suppose your lordship watched
me while—"
"No," interrupted the nobleman, "the
fact is, that my children bathe at home,
Jinks and the tub in the Hall was full of
sea-water Jinks."—Companion to a Cigar.

High, Low, Jack and Game.—A number of
well-dressed boys were once tormenting a sailor
who was, in vain, endeavoring to keep them off
with a broken spade handle, which he was
using for a club, when a gentleman called out
to them. "Boys! if Jack is high, it is rather
low business for you to be making game of
him." Jack, whose wits were as sharp as a
diamond—the principal difficulty with him seem-
ing to be in the lightness of his feet, or the in-
steadiness of the ground under them, which
made his easiest mode of progression to be on
all-fours—immediately responded: "Then we
are even. I am high Jack to their low game.
But clubs is trumps, the deuce is in me if I
don't beat 'em yet to my heart's content."

One of the most beautiful gems in oriental
literature is contained in a passage from the
Persian poet, Sadi, quoted by Sir W. Jones,
the sentiment of which is embodied in the fol-
lowing lines:
The sandal tree perfumes, when riven,
The axe that laid it low,
Let man who hopes to be forgiven,
Forgive and bless his foe.

Noble and Witty Reply.—In 1586, Philip II,
sent the young Constable of Castile to Rome
to congratulate Sextus the Fifth on his advance-
ment. The Pope imprudently said:
"Are there so few men in Spain that your
King sends me one without a beard?"
"Sir," said the fierce Spaniard, "if his ma-
jesty possessed the least idea that imagined
merit lay in a beard, he would doubtless have
deputed a goat to you, not a gentleman."

Some persons think that moral suasion if
properly used, will close every rumshop in the
land. Do such know anything about the profits
of the business? Says the New Haven Report:
"Of four grog shops in New Haven, one
brings a net profit of from 800 to 1000 dollars
yearly. Taking the lowest estimate of the clear
income of this one drinking shop, and allowing
that profit on the sales is fifty per cent, the pro-
prietor must deal out to customers annually
some twenty-seven thousand glasses of intoxi-
cating drinks. If we suppose that the sales
and profits of the other three establishments
are in the same proportion, and if we allow for
the much larger sales in two of them, we have
the conclusion that at least one hundred thou-
sand glasses are consumed in the town during
the year, at an expense of more than \$6,000 to
the consumers. And these consumers are not
the prostrate victims of intemperance, who can-
not afford to pay sixpence for a dram; they are
rather those who present as yet a tolerably fair
exterior; they are your sons, clerks, your ap-
prentices, those who are gathered here to be
educated, and those with whom you are con-
nected in the dearest relations of life."
What can moral suasion do with the ordinar-
y keepers of such establishments? As long
as the heart of man craves gold, so long men
who are conducting such a business will float
at all persuasions to abandon it. Nothing but
the strong power of law will break them up and
banish them forever.—Journal.

He that hath slight thoughts of sin, ne-
ver had great thoughts of God.